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THE ANGEL OF THE FOUR CORNERS.*

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AUTHOR OF 'PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE,' 'MRS FALCHION,' 'THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD,' &c.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I.—THE DANCE OF THE LITTLE WOLF.

'WHAT is the good?' said Babette. 'There is no one to play—no fiddle—no music. What is the good?'

'Truly!' replied Antoine. 'Here it is New-year's Day—snow three feet deep—the house so hot you can't breathe—thirty pair of feet waiting—lots of *tabac*—of cold pork—plenty of cider behind the door—and no music! So droll—that! Pshaw! I'll stand on a tub and whistle.'

Babette laughed. 'See Alphonse. Watch how he shakes his black head, and his eyes dance so! Ah, poor Alphonse! He would give his neck for Marie; but she sits with a half-dozen *galants* beside her; she flash her big brown eyes over at Alphonse, and they drive him mad. You think she care for him, with his purty eyes and black hair? No, no. You see! You hear her feet tap the floor! She long to dance like us all; and Alphonse, he long for her.'

'So,' rejoined Antoine, 'I do not understand that Marie. Why is't all get on their knees to her, and she care for no man?'

'You think that?' asked Babette. 'Pish! you are only a man with a man's eyes. You think because she not care for you, she care for nobody. That's like a man. He is so vain. When a woman care not for him, he is so happy when she care not for any one else.'

Antoine bristled up. 'Come, come, Babette. You think I care for Marie? No; only for you. You are the one great woman in the world!'

Babette laughed merrily, her little white teeth flashing. She tapped him on the arm. Oh, you foolish—foolish! A man can never see, when it is a woman. He think her great when she's very little. He think he understand himself, and he know nothing. There is Marie! What do you know? You think her all coquette. You think I'm better. If I were in the same way as Marie, I'd be like her.'

Antoine ran his fingers through his hair, knotted his forehead, and smiled in a quaint way. 'I do not understand,' he said. 'Who is there Marie loves? You can see she play the game with them all; but there is no one. She has them—Jacques, Adrien, Jules, Alphonse, and the rest! They are on their shines, and she put her little foot on them all. What does she care? Ah, Babette, what does she care? There's no one.'

Babette suddenly became grave, and her eyes watched Antoine with a wondering kind of sadness. She was younger than he, yet she was wiser, for every good woman is wiser than any man. She wondered why he did not know that, when love first stirs in a woman's heart, she begins to be wise; when in a man's, he begins to be foolish; for the one becomes unselfish, and the other vain.

After a moment she said, with a serious little twist of the head: 'Antoine, I do not know who 'tis, but there's some one Marie loves. Do you think I'm a woman, and not know the look of love in another? There is,

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some one—somewhere, and it is all unhappy. I know that! Do you think if 'twas all right, she would play with them like that—so cold, so heartless! No; but she must do something. A woman will go mad unless—Poor Marie! Perhaps the man does not love her. I cannot tell. Perhaps he loved her, and should not. Perhaps something prevents. *Bien*, it is all the same. She is as you see.'

Antoine was a little nervous, facing Babette's seriousness. He had not the care of life—only the shanties in the winter, the river in summer, the little farming in the autumn, and courting Babette in a happy, irresponsible fashion all the time. But take it seriously—life—love! Watch how his feet tap the floor impatiently. He is wild for the dance.

It was New-year's Day, the time of festivity, beyond all others, in a French Canadian home; and the young people of the parish were gathered, ready to dance until the morning; but to the house of Marie's father, old Vigord the fiddler had not come. For the last hour there had been nothing but 'Vigord! Vigord! Why doesn't Vigord come?' Every one seemed troubled save Marie. She did not worry. Perhaps that was because she had been a year at school in Quebec City, and therefore had got a kind of manner, was playing the self-possessed lady, or that if she could not enjoy herself in one way she could in another. There was something in her different from the other girls in the room. You felt that you did not know her as you knew them. All that they thought or were flashed in their brown eyes, on their red careless lips, and in the loose softness of their hair; but in Marie's strong chin, dark coquettish eyes, and strong brow, there hid something which had little to do with the life moving at the moment. Perhaps, as Babette had said, there was a man somewhere in the world whose love, or lack of love, had given her wisdom; but she said herself that she was only a trifter, that she cared only to enjoy herself.

Antoine, to relieve the situation, which was becoming strained, started a song. That did very well for a little time. It was a pretty fantasy of love and wild life, dashed with a spice of devilry; but it soon lost its effect, for the spirits which it raised sent a mad sprightliness into the feet of all, which only the rasp of a fiddle or the breath of a concertina could appease or command. At last, tall Medallion—whose ways were those of the blessed of this world, and who had his fingers on all the little comedies and tragedies of the parish—stood up in the middle of the floor and proposed a game. Every one was still in a moment, for Medallion had great resources and whimsical ideas. His was the gift of making men and women laugh, not so much at himself as at themselves. Besides, he had a heart. Protestant though he was, even the curé trusted him, and the little chemist worshipped him.

'See, my children,' he said, with his sharp eyes twinkling, 'since Vigord is late, let's have something agen his coming. Give him a half-hour longer; then, if he isn't here, I'll play the fiddle myself. Let's have now "The Dance of the Little Wolf." I'll whistle. Well, whoever at the end shall stand alone in the centre

must tell a very fine story. It must be of love. It must be like a play, and it must be true.'

At this, every one laughed. 'M'sieu' Medallion was so droll! they said. 'The Dance of the Little Wolf, and then a true story of love.—Certainly, M'sieu' Medallion was amusing.'

They all came to their feet, eager for the dance, keen to see on whom the mantle of romance would fall. Hand in hand with tripping step they wound in and out of the room, Medallion, standing in the centre of the floor, having changed his whistling to a sing-song kind of chant. The long, waving, loving line presently began to twine in and out, linking like chains, curving into circles, parting, joining again, first slowly, then faster and faster, now, suddenly, in a pretty column, back and forth, the men together, then the women—flashing eyes, waving black hair, the warm breath of youth filling the room with an ecstasy, wherein every little care and alarm of life was swallowed up; and at last there came a sudden moment of confusion, and the hurlyburly of laughter, as the hazard of the dance grew.

Presently all parted, and Marie stood alone in the centre of the floor, with Antoine on one side not far, and Alphonse on the other. There was laughter and a storm of clapping. 'Marie! Marie!' they all cried. 'The story—the true love-story!'

Antoine ran his fingers through his hair, shook the little gold rings in his ears, and grinned at Marie, then at Babette. Alphonse was nervous, and his eyes had a kind of wild hunger as he also looked at Marie.

Marie glanced round the room, smiling naïvely, gave Alphonse a quick side-long glance of torturing coquetry, and then caught Medallion's eyes. He was looking at her with a whimsical suggestive smile. She flashed one back. Suddenly something defiant swept over her face—a wave of emotion which seemed to lift her all at once into an atmosphere apart from them all, independent of them all. Some inherent, dramatic strain in her mastered her for the moment. She was alive to her finger-tips. She stepped back a little from Alphonse and Antoine. They drew back on either side; but Medallion folded his arms, and watched her from under his bushy brows, steadily, kindly.

'The story—the story, Marie!' they called.

The moment before, Marie was lost to everything around her, now she was back again, conscious of their presence, but still in the atmosphere where her inspiration was born. A smile, too brilliant, too airy, played on her lips. Her voice had a feverish lightness. Her eyes, though, were burning with a look hard to read.

'I will tell you a wonderful, sad, beautiful, dreadful story,' she said. 'Once upon a time—at this they all laughed—once upon a time,' she repeated very lightly, 'there was a girl, and she thought herself beautiful. She used to dream of a great Prince who would come one day and tell her that his houses, his lands, and all the riches of his kingdom, were for her. She only lived in a cottage in a village—but that didn't matter. She rode in a tiny cariole, and she had only a little Indian pony to take

her to mass and to market—but that didn't matter. She was a woman, and a woman is like a bird—she has wings, and she flies where she will in the dreams of the night, and in the quick hours of the day, when her hands work and her tongue is busy. A man may stoop, but a woman always soars—till a man breaks her heart.

'And so this girl watched for her Prince; and when the mist was sweet, and flashed in the violet light of summer upon the river, he did not come that way; and when all the fields were white with snow in winter, and all the world was waiting like the girl, he did not come that way. And since he did not come to her, she would go to him. So, one morning she filled a bag with meat, honey, and dried fruits; and she put on her thickest mittens, her little fur cap, her greatcoat of dog-skin fur, and a woollen cloud about her throat—under which was the little gold brooch her mother gave her, which she would wear before the Prince, that he should see she was born for the fine things of this world. She had braided a hand with a bow and arrow on one moccasin, and a hand with a sword upon the other. She started forth all alone. She travelled on and on through thick woods, and the wild hills, and over plains; and when the winds blew hard, she laughed back at them; and when at night something cried in the trees like spirits begging her to speak to them, she sang the song of the "Scarlet Hunter," and the chant of the "White Swan;" for she had no fear. The birds are not afraid till a shot from the hunter's gun, or an arrow from his bow, strikes into the heart. When that comes to a girl, she is afraid if she lives, and if she dies—it is no matter.

'It is no matter.' She paused, and stood looking straight before her, repeating the phrase still again, as though, having learned the tale by heart, she had forgotten something. But she was merely lost for a moment in scenes which were flashing before her mind, having for the time passed beyond her audience to the world where, in despair, one's own soul flees, and the Angel of the Four Corners can show us no right of way as we travel.

Some girl in the crowd giggled nervously. Another, she knew not why, gave a quick gasping sob. Babette, who was next her, said: 'You goose, it's only a story.'

This brought Marie back. She took up the thread again, lightly but plaintively too. 'By-and-by she came to a city. It stood high on a great hill. It had splendid houses, churches, and palaces; and beneath, at the foot of the mountain, there flowed a fine wide river. Every stone of that city was made of gold, and every drop of that river was a sweet white wine. Whenever the girl looked at the city, she knew it was so. Whenever she looked at the river, she knew it was so. And when she looked in the eyes of her Prince, she knew it was so; for they were all gold and wine also, and she could have lived just ever and ever looking at those eyes, till the Scarlet Hunter blindfolded her, and led her out on the lonely Trail of the White Valley, from which no man returns. Yes, she had found

her Prince. It does not matter where she saw him first, in a palace, or a house, or a church, for she saw him—that was enough!

'She was only a poor peasant girl; but he was a great man, so wise, so splendid, so kind. He said that she was beautiful, and she believed him; he said that he loved her, and she trusted; but when she threw herself on his breast and cried that she would never leave him, there came into his face a strange, pitiful look. That look broke her heart, for it couldn't be—it couldn't! She was only a foolish peasant girl, or she would have known that a Prince could never be her husband. Yet she knew that he loved her.

'Then there came a sad, terrible day, when all the great men of the kingdom came together, and decided that she must go away, or the Prince would lose his kingdom as well as lose her. What could she do? She could not wait about the palace gates. She could not defy all the great men, who were so strong, and who could make happy or destroy as they wished. What could she do? But she saw him once again. It was at the altar of a great church. Oh, a church like none any of you ever saw; with a beautiful Calvary above the altar, and angels with large flaming wings, and a thousand candles burning, and such wonderful, sweet music. It was so she saw him, and that was their good-bye. She looked into his eyes, and they had the same look as when she first heard him tell his love; and she got upon her feet and called out to him, but he raised his hand at her as though to say, "No—no! Never—never!"

'And that was the end. She left the great city; and as she went, she saw that it was only built of stone, and not of gold; and that the river was only bleak, dark water, and not wine, after all. Her eyes were not the same, and they would never be the same, never—never—never.'

The strange, searching pathos of her voice filled the room, like the eerie music of a violin, and Medallion felt his face flush and his fingers tingle, for he was reading the story of a girl's life in the allegory. Perhaps only he and one other understood, and that other was the simple Babette. She pinched Antoine's arm. 'Can't you understand?' she said.

Antoine shifted from one leg to the other, ran his fingers through his hair, and said only: 'It's a good story—very good! *Bien*, she could go on the stage. Ah! once when I was in Montreal, I saw a play. *Voilà*, that was a good play. Well, she could act in such a play, that Marie.'

Babette sighed, shrugged her shoulders, lifted her eyes, and caught Medallion's, and each knew of what the other was thinking.

Marie now almost breathlessly hurried her story. 'So the poor girl came back over the plains and over the hills to her little home. But she was never the same again. She laughed when others laughed, and she was gay, and she danced, and everybody said that she had good times in the world. But you—do you think she had? Because, when she thought of the city now, it was no longer of gold; and when she thought of the river, it was black

and wicked; and when she remembered—the man, she saw the great rulers of his kingdom frowning at her, and the hand of her Prince raised as if it said, “No—no! Never—never!”

When she finished, there was silence for a moment, so deep, that only the breathing of her audience was heard. They could not read the thing. They took her story literally, and it did not seem so strange to them, for they were a simple people; but they were romantic too, having in their veins—nor did they know this—the feeling of an antique time. So they applauded heartily, grandly. They called ‘Bravo!’ and said there was no one in the parish, not in ten parishes, who could tell a fine true love-story like Marie. And Alphonse looked at her with his hungry eyes as though to say that were he that Prince, he would have followed her from that city, and have lost his kingdom—and his soul—for her.

AMONG THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

FOR some reason, Spain is not so popular with the travelling public as many other countries in Europe which could be named. It may be that Spanish scenery, although there are notable exceptions, is not remarkable for beauty; or that travelling in the Peninsula is rather behind the age. The hotels in the main thoroughfares are generally speaking comfortable; but in out-of-the-way places this is not always so, and in these a knowledge of the language is almost essential. So that upon the whole the ordinary British tourist, who likes comfort and shuns trouble, gives Spain a wide berth. In this he is wrong. There are things in Spain which should be seen, and the recollection of which will always be a source of pleasure, such as the Museum at Madrid; the Mosque at Cordova; the Alcazar, Giralda, and Cathedral at Seville; and not least, the Alhambra and Generalife at Granada.

Madrid is probably as uninteresting a capital as could well be conceived, and its climate is detestable; but its Museum is worth going from the ends of the earth to visit. In no other country in the world, not excepting France and Italy, can such a collection of the Spanish, Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools be found. There are 64 pictures in it by Velasquez, 46 by Murillo, 62 by Rubens, 53 by Teniers, 10 by Raphael, 22 by Van Dyck, 42 by Titian, 34 by Tintoretto, 23 by Paul Veronese, 34 by Breughel, 23 by Snyder, 19 by Poussin, 10 by Wouverman, 55 by Giordano, 58 by Ribera, 10 by Claude Lorraine; besides smaller numbers by such artists as Guido Reni, Domenichino, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, Albert Dürer, Holbein, Salvator Rosa, Watteau, Rembrandt, and Antonio Moro. Those who love fine art should certainly visit Madrid; and if they do, they will not be disappointed.

Madrid has nothing to do with the Moors in Spain; but undoubtedly Cordova has. Cordova

is now an almost dead city; but it contains an old Moorish Mosque which, though sadly marred by its conversion into a Christian Cathedral, is even yet a wonder to all beholders, and surpasses any similar building either at Cairo or Damascus. We enter the Mosque through a court planted with orange-trees, palms, and cypresses, and having a marble fountain in the centre, where, of old, the Moslems made their ablutions before entering their sanctuary. Passing through the door of the Mosque, the visitor is literally staggered by the forest of beautiful pillars of marble, jasper, and porphyry which he sees before him, and which at first sight seem to be placed without order and without design. There are between a thousand and eleven hundred of these pillars; their lines cross each other, and this at first gives rise to the idea of want of plan. The eye cannot detect the end of the long avenues which they form. After the conquest of Cordova, in 1236, by the Spaniards, the Mosque was, without any alteration of importance, changed into a place of Christian worship, and so it remained till 1532, when the very foolish Chapter of Cordova of the day resolved to erect a coro or choir in the centre. In spite of all opposition, they levelled sixty columns, and built up a hideous erection which greatly disfigured the Mosque. When King Charles V. saw what had been done, he gave his opinion to the monks perhaps more plainly than politely. He said: ‘You have built here what you or any one might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish.’ Even in its degradation, no one ever yet regretted a visit to the Mosque of Cordova.

From Cordova to Seville is but a short journey, but it is a passage from death to life. There is no want of life in the gay Andalusian city, and in it there is much to interest the traveller. The Cathedral is not a Moorish edifice, but it is a wonderful work of art. It is, or was till recently, probably the most beautiful church in the world; but a few years ago, some of the enormous pillars that support the roof showed signs of giving way; in consequence, the interior is now boarded up, and is a thing of beauty no more. Whether it will ever again be restored to its former state is a question time alone will answer. Had it been in any other country, we should have had no doubt; but being in Spain, all we can say is, ‘¿Quien sabe?’ The pictures, however, remain; and the famous one of ‘St Antony of Padua’ by Murillo—which our readers may recollect was some years ago mutilated and the principal figure cut out of the frame and mysteriously removed; but it has been recovered, and skilfully replaced in its former position. The Giralda—now used as a belfry or campanile of the Cathedral

—is entire. It, at least, is Saracenic to the top of the square tower. In the sixteenth century, a belfry, in a totally different style of architecture, was added, and which certainly does not conduce to the beauty of the original. Every one visiting Seville should ascend to the top of the Giralda. Although 350 feet in height, the walk up is so gradual and easy, that one scarcely realises when at the top how far he has come; and the view is worth all the trouble. The chief glory of Seville, however, is the Palace of the Alcazar, with its gardens. The Alcazar is, next to the Alhambra, the best specimen of Moorish architecture in Spain, and those who have not seen the Alhambra will doubt if anything can be finer. It was not, indeed, built in the time of Moorish supremacy, but in the reign of Don Pedro I. (1362); but it was constructed by Moorish architects; and we have in it the same pillars, arches, and decorations as in the Alhambra.

To visit the Alhambra at Granada is excuse sufficient, if that were needed, for a journey to Spain. The three cities last mentioned, and more particularly the last, Granada, contain the most perfect relics of the Moors in Spain; and the traveller wonders, as he looks at the beautiful architecture, if this can be the work of a people now believed to be only a little removed from the savage. The city of Granada is not remarkable for beauty, and would pass for an ordinary Spanish city; but climb the hill round the base of which it clusters, and enter the enclosures of the Alhambra, and the gardens of the Generalife, and what a change! A sudden transition from a city of the living to a city of the dead; from the modern commonplace, bustling town to the stillness and repose of the long-distant past, and the wonderful creations of architects who then lived and laboured. There are few who are not familiar with the Alhambra, either from having visited it, or from the pages of Washington Irving, or in pictures of its salient features, such as the Court of the Lions, the Hall of the Ambassadors, the Court of the Myrtles, and many others which might be mentioned. The wonderful beauty of the architecture, with its horse-shoe arches, its light and graceful pillars, its mosaic groundwork and exquisite carvings, has attracted the attention of visitors for centuries that are past, and will do so for centuries that are to come; while those who have not seen it with the bodily eye have yet, in the pictured page of the American writer, or in the numberless sketches from the pencil of the artist, to some extent realised it. The work is a thing of beauty; but who were the builders? Moors still exist, as any one can see for himself by crossing the narrow strait between Gibraltar and Tangier; but can there be any connection, remote or otherwise, between the fierce-looking ruffians who frequent the market-place of the African city and the skilful architects who have left such imperishable monuments in Spain?

The narrative of the Moorish conquest of Spain is so wrapped up in monkish legends, that it is now difficult to say with any certainty what is history and what is fiction. Possibly,

something of the same kind may be said for much that elsewhere passes for history, but of the fact itself there can be no doubt. The probability is that about the year 711 the army of the invaders crossed the strait under their leader Tarik, landed at Tarifa, and first established themselves in Gibraltar. This famous rock was originally called Calpe; but after its conquest by the Moors, it was called, in honour of their leader, Gebel-el-Tarik, or Hill of Tarik; and from this the present name of Gibraltar is derived. Having thus established a footing on the Spanish soil, the army of the invaders commenced a career of conquest almost unexampled in its speed, so that in about two years, over the whole land, with some trifling exceptions, the Crescent superseded the Cross. The Moors were by no means harsh governors, and both Christian and Jew enjoyed tolerable freedom. It was while they held the country that the works to which we have referred at Cordova, Seville, and Granada were executed, and particularly the crowning glory of all, the Alhambra.

Although the Moors were practically masters of all Spain, the period of their peaceful occupancy of the country did not long continue. The native races were too warlike to allow the infidel to hold their country in undisturbed possession. Dissensions, too, broke out among members of the different tribes into which the conquerors were divided; and this, weakening, as it did, their strength, finally led to their entire overthrow and expulsion from the land. It would be tedious to give here a chronological account of the places taken from the Moors; suffice it to say that one after another of the districts into which Spain was divided were recaptured, until at last nothing remained to them except Granada. This, too, must fall; and as we stand on the rocky height on which their king turned his last look upon his lost kingdom, and which to this day is called 'El ultimo Suspiro del Moro' (the last Sigh of the Moor), the lines of the poet occur to us while looking at the proud Alhambra:

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement reft?

Deprived of their power, the Moors were yet for a time tolerated in Spain; but as the power of the Spaniard increased, it soon became evident that the days of toleration were drawing to a close. First, the Jews suffered, and hosts of them were driven from the land. The Moors' turn came next, and they, too, were driven out. These were uncalculated and unwise acts, and they have left their mark on Spain to-day in a thinly populated country, a decaying exchequer, and the loss of arts which would have raised a nation. If evidence were needed as to the deplorable state of the national finance, it will be found in the premium paid on British gold—the par value of an English sovereign is twenty-five pesetas; but thirty pesetas, and sometimes more,

are now given for it—that is, a profit of four shillings and upwards on the pound. The agriculture, too, is primitive to a degree, and more nearly resembles patriarchal times than the nineteenth century. In travelling through Andalusia we saw the grain trodden out, not indeed by oxen, but by mules or mares. In all our journeyings we only once saw the flail used, and that being near Gibraltar, probably owed its inspiration to British ideas. And if it be so with Spain, what of the Moors? Where are the descendants of the architects who erected these glorious buildings, which to this day are unrivalled? But only Echo answers. Where? Their ancestors have left their mark in Spain on everything, except religion, which makes a nation great, and now, you seek for their descendants in vain. It may be that the advancing tide of Western civilisation swallowed them up and carried them for ever away. We must recognise the fact, and we perhaps rejoice in a higher civilisation. But while we do so, let us not altogether forget what we owe to these early pioneers.

Before concluding these desultory notes, it may not be out of place, especially if we have awakened in any a desire to see the works of those departed artificers, to indicate the easiest mode of gratifying it. Travellers may visit Spain either by land or water. If they prefer land, the railway through Paris, Orleans, Tours, and Bordeaux will take them to Madrid, Cordova, Seville, and Granada. If good sailors, they can go to Gibraltar by one of those sumptuous floating hotels despatched weekly from London by the Peninsular and Oriental and the Orient lines. From Gibraltar, or rather from Algeciras, a short sail across the bay, the railway system now connects with Seville and Granada, and from Granada with Cordova and Madrid. One advantage of going by sea, at least one way, is that in an hour or two from Gibraltar the traveller can cross the narrow strait to Africa, and in the old city of Tangier see the Moor of the present day. Spring is perhaps the best time for such a visit; summer is too hot in Spain for comfort; but in spring, everything is lovely. In Madrid, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Gibraltar, and Tangier, comfortable hotels will be found; and in Granada there are two such on the top of the hill on which the Alhambra stands, and at its very gates. In the Spanish hotels, as a rule, there is a fixed charge per day, which covers everything including wine, unless the traveller desires special vintages, and the charge is moderate. This certainly is a great convenience to the inexperienced traveller, who in other countries is often puzzled by the elaborately detailed hotel bills. As regards the currency, in Spain there is no difficulty, at all events to those who have travelled in France. In France the current coin is called a franc, in Spain a peseta, but the par value of each is the same.

We have confined ourselves to the Moors in Spain, and what they have left behind; but it need scarcely be added that there are many most interesting places in Spain we have not spoken of, and many things to see which, in the connection in which we are writing, we have not mentioned. The churches are very beauti-

ful; and for those who desire that characteristic kind of amusement, there is the bull-fight. No doubt, the day usually selected for the performance is Sunday, and there does seem a certain grim irony in selecting that day for an entertainment of so brutal and debasing a character. However, it is a national institution, and one very highly prized, especially by the gentler sex in that country; indeed, as a Spaniard said to us of his countrymen: 'Nowadays, they care for nothing except churches and bull-fights.'

As we have already indicated, there are some disadvantages in Spanish travelling, but these are met with more or less in other lands. Perhaps in Spain they are more conspicuous. But travellers will find much to interest them not only in the towns and country, but in the manners and habits of the people. There is a calm dignity about the Spaniard of every class which will strike a stranger; even the beggars—of whom, goodness knows, there are plenty—seem to stand on a higher platform than their confrères in other lands. In our country, the statutory address is, 'Could you spare me a copper?' but a Spanish beggar thus addressed us at a railway station, and we give his address as typical of his class: 'O Señorito, da me una limosnita, y rogaré por su feliz viaje!' which may be translated into English thus: 'O little gentleman, give me an alms, and I will pray for you a happy journey.'

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.*

By ANTHONY HOPE, Author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

CHAPTER V.—COUNT ANTONIO AND THE SACRED BONES.

THERE is one tale concerning Count Antonio of Monte Velluto, when he dwelt an outlaw in the hills, which men tell with fear and doubt, marvelling at the audacity of his act, and sometimes asking themselves whether he would in very truth have performed what he swore on the faith of his honour he would do, in case the Duke did not accede to his demands. For the thing he threatened was such as no man of Firmola dares think on without a shudder; for we of Firmola prize and reverence the bones of our saint, the holy martyr Prisian, above and far beyond every other relic, and they are to us as it were the sign and testimony of God's enduring favour to our country. But much will a man do for love of a woman, and Antonio's temper brooked no obstacle: so that I, who know all the truth of the matter, may not doubt that he would have done even as he said, braving the wrath of Heaven, and making naught of the terror and consternation that had fallen on the city and the parts round about it. Whether that thought of his heart was such as would gain pardon, I know not: had the thing been done, I could scarce hope even in Heaven's infinite mercy. Yet this story also I must tell, lest I be charged with covering up what shames Antonio; for with the opinions of careless and faithless men (who are too many in this later age)

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I have no communion, and I tell the tale not to move laughter or loose jests, but rather to show to what extremity a man by nature good may be driven by harshness and the unmerited disfavour of his Prince.

In the third year, then, of Count Antonio's outlawry, His Highness the Duke looked upon the Lady Lucia and found that she was of full age for marriage. Therefore he resolved that she should be wed, and, since Robert de Beauregard, to whom he had purposed to give her, was dead, he chose from among his lords a certain gentleman of great estate and a favourite of his, by name Lorenzo, and sent word to Lucia that she had spent too much of her youth pining for what could not be hers, and must forthwith receive Lorenzo for her husband. But Lucia, being by now a woman and no more a timid girl, returned to His Highness a message that she would look on no other man than Antonio. On this the Duke, greatly incensed, sent and took her, and set her in a convent within the city walls, and made her know that there she should abide till her life's end, or until she should obey his command; and he charged the Abbess to treat her harshly, and to break down her pride: and he swore that she should wed Lorenzo; or, if she were obstinate, then she should take the vows of a nun in the convent. Many weeks the Lady Lucia abode in the convent, resisting all that was urged upon her. But at last, finding no help from Antonio, being sore beset and allowed no rest, she broke one day into passionate and piteful weeping, and bade the Abbess tell His Highness that, since happiness was not for her in this world, she would seek to find it in Heaven, and would take the vows, rendering all her estate into the Duke's hand, that he might have it, and give it to Lorenzo or to whom he would. Which message being told to Duke Valentine, weary of contending with her, and perchance secretly fearing that Antonio would slay Lorenzo as he had slain Robert, he cursed her for an obstinate wench, and bade her take the vows, and set a day for her to take them: but her estate he assumed into his own hand, and made from out of it a gift of great value to Lorenzo. And Lorenzo, they say, was well content thus to be quit of the matter. 'For,' said he, 'while that devil is loose in the hills, no peace would there have been for the lady's husband.'

But when it came to the ears of Count Antonio that the Lady Lucia was to take the veil on the morrow of the feast of St Prisian, his rage and affliction knew no bounds. 'If need be,' he cried, 'I will attack the city with all my men, before I will suffer it.'

'Your men would all be killed, and she would take the veil none the less,' said Tommasino. For Antonio had but fifty men, and although they were stout fellows, and impossible to subdue so long as they stayed in the hills, yet their strength would have been nothing against a fortress and the Duke's array.

'Then,' said Antonio, 'I will go alone and die alone.'

As he spoke, he perceived Martolo coming to him, and, calling him, he asked him what he would. Now Martolo was a devout man,

and had been much grieved when Antonio had fallen under a sentence of excommunication by reason of a certain quarrel that he had with the Abbot of the Abbey of St Prisian in the hills, wherein the Count had incurred the condemnation of the Church, refusing, as his way was, to admit any rule save of his own conscience. Yet Martolo abode with Antonio from love of him. And now he bowed and answered, 'My lord, in three days it is the feast of St Prisian, and the Sacred Bones will then be carried from the shrine in the church of the saint at Rilano to the city.' For it was at Rilano that Prisian had suffered, and a rich church had been built on the spot.

'I remember that it is wont to be so, Martolo,' answered the Count.

'When I dwelt with my father,' said Martolo, 'I was accustomed to go forth with all the people of my village and meet the Sacred Bones, and, kneeling, receive the benediction from the Lord Archbishop as he passed, bearing the bones in their golden casket. And the like I would do this year, my lord.'

'But are you not excommunicated in company with Count Antonio and me?' asked Tommasino, lightly smiling; for Tommasino also stood condemned.

'I pray not. I was not named in the sentence,' said Martolo, signing the cross.

'Go in peace, Martolo; but see that you are not taken by the Duke's men,' said Count Antonio.

'But few of them go with the Archbishop, my lord. For who would lay hands on the Sacred Bones? The Guard is small, and I shall easily elude them.' So Martolo departed, and told the man they called Bena what had passed; but Bena was a graceless fellow and would not go with him.

Now when Martolo was gone, Count Antonio sat down on a great stone and for a long while he said nothing to Tommasino. But certain words out of those which Martolo had spoken were echoing through his brain, and he could not put them aside; for they came again and again and again; and at last, looking up at Tommasino, who stood by him, he said, 'Tommasino, who would lay hands on the Sacred Bones?'

Tommasino looked down into his eyes; then he laid a hand on his shoulder; and Antonio still looked up and repeated, 'Who would lay hands on the Sacred Bones?'

Tommasino's eyes grew round in wonder: he smiled, but his smile was uneasy, and he shifted his feet. 'Is it that you think of, Antonio?' he asked in a low voice. 'Beside it, it would be a light thing to kill the Duke in his own Palace.'

Then Antonio cried, striking his fist on the palm of his hand, 'Are dead bones more sacred than that living soul on which the Duke lays hands to force it to his will?'

'The people reverence the bones as God Himself,' said Tommasino, troubled.

'I also reverence them,' said Antonio, and fell again into thought. But presently he rose and took Tommasino's arm; and for a long while they walked to and fro. Then they went and sought out certain chosen men of

the band—for the greater part they dared not trust in such a matter, but turned only to them that were boldest and recked least of sacred things. To ten of such Antonio opened his counsel; and by great rewards he prevailed on them to come into the plan, although they were, for all their boldness, very sore afraid lest they, laying hands on the bones, should be smitten as was he who touched the Ark of the Covenant. Therefore Antonio said, 'I alone will lay hands on the golden casket; the rest of you shall but hold me harmless while I take it.'

'But if the Lord Archbishop will not let it go?'

'The Lord Archbishop,' said Tommasino, 'will let it go.' For Tommasino did not love the Archbishop, because he would not remove the sentence of excommunication which he had laid upon Antonio and Tommasino on the prayer of the Abbot of St Prisian's.

Now when the feast of St Prisian was come, the Lord Archbishop, who had ridden from the city on the eve of the feast, and had lodged in the house of the priests who served the church, went with all his train into the church, and, the rest standing afar off and veiling their eyes, took from the wall of the church, near by the High Altar, the golden casket that held the bones of the Blessed St Prisian. And he wrapped the casket in a rich cloth and held it high before him in his two hands. And when the people had worshipped, the Archbishop left the church and entered his chair and passed through the village of Rilano, the priests and attendants going first, and twelve of the Duke's Guard, whom the Duke had sent, following after. Great was the throng of folk, come from all the country round to gaze upon the casket and on the procession of the Lord Archbishop; and most devout of them all was Martolo, who rested on his knees from the moment the procession left the church till it was clear of the village. And Martolo was still on his knees when he beheld go by him a party of peasants, all, save one, tall and powerful men, wearing peasants' garb and having their faces overshadowed by large hats. These men also had knelt as the casket passed, but they had risen, and were marching shoulder to shoulder behind the men of the Duke's Guard, a peasant behind every pikeman. Martolo gazed long at them; then he moistened his lips and crossed himself, murmuring, 'What does this thing mean? Now God forbid'—And, breaking off thus, he also rose and went to the house of his father, sore vexed and troubled to know what the thing might mean. But he spoke of it to none, no, not to his father, observing the vow of secrecy in all matters which he had made to Count Antonio.

At the bounds of the village the greater part of the people ceased to follow the procession of the Sacred Bones, and, having received the Archbishop's blessing, turned back to their own homes, where they feasted and made merry; but the twelve peasants whom Martolo had seen followed the procession when it set forth for the next village, distant three miles on the road to Firmola. Their air manifested great devotion, for they walked with heads bent on

their breasts and downcast eyes, and they spoke not once on the way; but each kept close behind a pikeman. When the procession had gone something more than a mile from the village of Rilano, it came where a little stream crosses the highway; and the rains having been heavy for a week before, the stream was swollen and the ford deeper than it was wont to be. Therefore the officer of the Guard, thinking of no danger, bade six of his men lay down their pikes and go lift the Archbishop's chair over the ford, lest the Archbishop should be wetted by the water. And on hearing this order, the tallest among the peasants put his hand up to his hat and twisted the feather of it between his thumb and his forefinger: and the shortest of them whispered, 'The sign! The sign!' while every man of them drew a great dagger from under his habit and held it behind his back. Now by this time the priests and attendants had passed the ford; and one-half of the Guard had laid down their pikes and were gone to raise the Archbishop's chair, the remainder standing at their ease, leaning on their pikes and talking to one another. Again the tallest peasant twisted the feather in his hat; and without speech or cry, the peasants darted forward. Six of them seized the pikes that lay on the ground; the remaining six leaped like wild-cats on the backs of the pikemen, circling the necks of the pikemen with their arms, pulling them back and coming near to throttling them, so that the pikemen, utterly amazed and taken full at disadvantage, staggered and fell backward, while the peasants got on the top of them and knelt on their breasts and set the great daggers at their hearts. While this passed on the road, the remainder of Antonio's band—for such were the peasants—rushed into the stream and compelled the unarmed pikemen to set down the Archbishop's chair in the midst, so that the water came in at the windows of the chair; and the pikemen, held at bay with their own pikes, sought to draw their poniards, but Antonio cried, 'Slay any that draw!' And he came to the chair and opened the door of it, and, using as little force as he could, he laid hands on the casket that held the Sacred Bones, and wrested it from the feeble hands of the Archbishop. Then he and his men, standing in line, stepped backwards with the pikes levelled in front of them till they came out of the water and on to the dry road again; and one pikeman rushed at Antonio, but Tommasino, sparing to kill him, caught him a buffet on the side of the head with a pike, and he fell like a log in the water, and had been drowned, but that two of his comrades lifted him. Then all twelve of the band being together—for the first six had risen now from off the six pikemen, having forced them, on pain of instant death, to deliver over their pikes to them—Antonio, with the casket in his hands, spoke in a loud voice, 'I thank God that no man is dead over this business; but if you resist, you shall die one and all. Go to the city; tell the Duke that I, Antonio of Monte Velluto, have the bones of the Blessed St Prisian, and carry them with me to my hiding-place in the highest parts of the hills. But if he will swear by these bones that I hold, and by his princely word, that he

will not suffer the Lady Lucia to take the vows, nor will constrain her to wed any man, but will restore her to her own house and to her estate, then let him send the Archbishop again, and I will deliver up the Sacred Bones. But if he will not swear, then, as God lives, to-morrow, at midnight, I will cause a great fire to be kindled on the top of the hills—a fire whose flame you shall see from the walls of the city—and in that fire will I consume the Sacred Bones, and I will scatter the ashes of them to the four winds. Go and bear the message that I give you to the Duke.

And, having thus said, Antonio, with his men, turned and went back at a run along the road by which they had come; but to the village of Rilano they did not go, but turned aside before they came to it, and, coming to the farm of one who knew Antonio, they bought of him, paying him in good coin of the Duchy, three horses, which Antonio, Tommasino, and Bena mounted; and they three rode hard for the hills, the rest following as quickly as they might; so that by nightfall they were all safely assembled in their hiding-place, and with them the bones of the Blessed St Prisian. But they told not yet to the rest of the band what it was that Antonio carried under his cloak; nor did Martolo, when he returned from Rilano, ask what had befallen, but he crossed himself many times and wore a fearful look.

But Tommasino came to Antonio and said to him, 'Why did you not ask also pardon for all of us, and for yourself the hand of Lucia?'

'A great thing, and a thing that troubles me, I have done already,' answered Antonio. 'Therefore I will ask nothing for myself, and nothing may I ask for you or for my friends. But if I ask nothing save that right and justice be done, it may be that my sin in laying hands on the Sacred Bones will be the less.'

Now after Antonio and his men were gone, the Archbishop's train stayed long by the stream on the road, lamenting and fearing to go forward. Yet at last they went forward, and, being come to the next village, found all the people awaiting them at the bounds. And when the people saw the disorder of the procession, and that the pikemen had no pikes, they ran forward, eagerly asking what had befallen; and learning of the calamity, they were greatly afraid and cursed Antonio; and many of them accompanied the Archbishop on his way to the city, where he came towards evening. A great concourse of people awaited his coming there, and the Duke himself sat on a lofty seat in the great square, prepared to receive the Sacred Bones, and go with them to the Cathedral, where they were to be exposed to the gaze of the people at High Mass. And they set the Archbishop's chair down before the Duke's seat, and the Archbishop came and stood before the Duke, and his priests and the pikemen with him. And the Duke started up from his seat, crying, 'What ails you?' and sank back again, and sat waiting to hear what the Archbishop should say.

Then the Archbishop, his robes still damp and greatly disordered, his limbs trembling in anger and in fear, raised his voice; and all the

multitude in the square were silent while he declared to His Highness what things Count Antonio had done, and rehearsed the message that he had sent. And when the Archbishop told how Antonio had sworn that as God lived he would scatter the ashes of the Sacred Bones to the winds, the men caught their breath with a gasp, and the women murmured affrightedly, 'Christ save us;' and Duke Valentine dug the nails of his hand, whereon his head rested, into the flesh of his cheek. For all the city held that, according to the words St Prisian himself had uttered before he suffered, the power and prosperity of the Duchy and the favour of Heaven to it rested on the presence among them and the faithful preservation and veneration of those most holy relics. And the Archbishop having ended the message, cried, 'God pardon my lips that repeat such words,' and fell on his knees before Duke Valentine, crying, 'Justice on him, my lord, justice!' And many in the throng echoed his cry; but others, and among them a great part of the apprenticed lads, who loved Antonio, muttered low one to another, 'But the Duke has taken his sweetheart from him,' and they looked on the Duke with no favourable eye.

Then Duke Valentine rose from his seat and stood on the topmost step that led to it, and he called sundry of his lords and officers round him, and then he beckoned for silence, and he said, 'Before the sun sets to-morrow, the Lady Lucia shall take the vows;' and he, with his train, took their way, the pikemen clearing a path for them, to the Palace. And now indeed was silence; for all marvelled and were struck dumb that the Duke said naught concerning the Bones of St Prisian, and they searched one another's faces for the meaning of his words. But the Archbishop arose, and, speaking to no man, went to the Cathedral, and knelt before the altar in the chapel of St Prisian, and there abode on his knees.

Surely never, from that day until this hour, has such a night passed in the city of Firmola. For the Duke sent orders that every man of his Guard should be ready to start at break of day in pursuit of Antonio, and through the hours of the night they were busied in preparing their provisions and accoutrements. But their looks were heavy and their tongues tied, for they knew, every man of them, that though the Duke might at the end take Antonio, yet he could not come at him before the time that Antonio had said. And this the townsmen knew well also; and they gathered themselves in groups in the great square, saying, 'Before the Duke comes at him, the Sacred Bones will be burnt, and what will then befall the Duchy?' And those who were friendly to Antonio, foremost among them being the apprenticed lads, spread themselves here and there among the people, asking cunningly whether it concerned the people of Firmola more that the blessing of St Prisian should abide with them, or that a reluctant maiden should be forced to take the veil; and some grew bold to whisper under their breath that the business was a foul one, and that Heaven did not send beauty and love that priests should bury them in convent walls. And the girls of the city, ever most bold by

reason of their helplessness, stirred up the young men who courted them, leading them on and saying, 'He is a true lover who risks his soul for his love;' or, 'I would I had one who would steal the bones of St Prisian for my sake, but none such have I;' with other stirring and inflaming taunts, recklessly flung from pouting lips and from under eyes that challenged. And all the while Duke Valentine sat alone in his cabinet, listening to the tumult that sounded with muffled din through the walls of the Palace.

Now there was in the city a certain furrier, named Peter, a turbulent fellow, who had been put out of his craft-guild because he would not abide by the laws of the craft, and lived now as he best could, being maintained in large measure by those who listened to his empty and seditious conversation. This man, loving naught that there was worthy of love in Count Antonio, yet loved him because he defied the Duke; and about midnight, having drunk much wine, he came into the square and gathered together the apprentices, saying, 'I have a matter to say to you—and to you—and to you,' till there were many scores of them round him: then he harangued them, and more came round; and when at last Peter cried, 'Give us back the Sacred Bones!' a thousand voices answered him, 'Ay, give us back the bones!' And when the pikemen would have seized him, men, and women also, made a ring round him, so that he could not be taken. And sober men also, of age and substance, hearkened to him, saying, 'He is a knave, but he speaks truth now.' So that a very great throng assembled, every man having a staff, and many also knives; and to those that had not knives, the women and girls brought them, thrusting them into their hands; nay, sundry priests also were among the people, moaning and wringing their hands, and saying that the favour of St Prisian would be lost for ever to the city. And the square was thronged, so that a man could not move unless all moved, or raise his hand to his head save by the favour of his neighbour. Yet presently the whole mass began to move, like a great wave of water, towards the Palace of the Duke, where the pikemen stood in ranks, ready now to go against Antonio. Suddenly arose a cry, 'The Archbishop comes!' and the venerable man was seen, led through the crowd by Peter and some more, who brought him and set him in the front ranks of the people; and Peter cried boldly, 'Where is the Duke?' But the Captain of the Guard came forward, sword in hand, and bade Peter be still, cursing him for insolence, and shouted that the people should disperse on pain of His Highness's displeasure. 'Where is the Duke? Let him come out to us!' cried Peter; and the Captain, despising him, struck him lightly with the flat of his sword. But Peter with a cry of rage struck the Captain a great blow with his staff, and the Captain staggered back, blood flowing from his head. Such was the beginning of the fray; for in an instant the pikemen and the people had joined battle: men cried in anger and women in fright: blood flowed, and sundry on both sides fell and rose no more; and the

Archbishop came near to being trodden under foot till his friends and the priests gathered round him; and when he saw that men were being slain, he wept.

THE DOCKISATION OF THE RIVER AVON.

At a very early period of English history Bristol held the proud position of the second port of the kingdom. It was the centre of an English slave-trade with Ireland which was as flourishing as it was shameful, and laid the foundation of the commercial prosperity of the port. Centuries later, Bristol plunged with avidity into the African slave-trade, and grew in wealth and importance on the proceeds of this inhuman traffic. It was from the port of Bristol that John and Sebastian Cabot started on the voyages which resulted in the discovery of the coast of North America from Labrador to Florida. The sieges of Bristol form a separate and most important chapter of the civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament. During the period of the prosperity of the West Indian colonies, Bristol was the chief seat of the West Indian trade. It is a curious circumstance that the *Great Western* steamship, the first steamer which crossed the Atlantic in 1838, was built in Bristol, for it was to the enormous development of the Atlantic traffic which has come about during the present century that the port of Liverpool owes its extraordinary rise in a comparatively short time to the position of the second port and city in the kingdom.

The deposition of Bristol from the place which it had occupied for so many centuries is relatively quite recent. The southern city has neither accepted nor forgiven its discomfiture. It has been the dream of every citizen who has come to the front since that day to restore to Bristol the substance of her former greatness, and it has been agreed by generations of municipal politicians that this can only be effected by wresting from the competing ports a very considerable portion of the rich Atlantic traffic, which occupies such an enormous fleet of the biggest ships that have yet been launched. Of the various proposals which have been brought forward for this purpose, decidedly the most ambitious, and the one which seems to bear most promise of success, is that which is locally known as 'the dockisation scheme,' which is at present occupying the attention of the town-council and the citizens, even to the extent of influencing the municipal elections. In order to grasp the full bearing of this scheme, it is necessary to have a clear notion of the geographical position and advantages of the town of Bristol.

Though it is a seaport, Bristol is not situated on the sea. It stands seven miles inland, on the estuary of the river Avon, which flows into the estuary of the river Severn, commonly known as the Bristol Channel. Now the Bristol Channel is a great wedge of water which has split a great crack in the land, up which big ships can sail to towns which would be inland cities if the contour of the coast were more

regular. The estuary of the Avon is similarly a long thin wedge of tidal water which splits an opening into the land even through a chain of rocky downs which lie between Bristol and the Bristol Channel. The result is that at high-tide, when the estuaries of the Severn and the Avon are flooded by the sea, Bristol is connected with the Atlantic by a great natural ship-canal many miles in extent, up which big ships can sail into the very heart of Bristol, and unload their cargoes under the windows of the warehouses.

Bristol, moreover, lies at the junction of three great highways—the road from London, the road from the North, and the road from Devonshire and Cornwall. It was therefore naturally marked out to be a mart and a centre of traffic, even if nature had not further designed it for a seaport. The traders by sea and the traffickers by land met there quite naturally. It was the line of least resistance for both. Bristol, in short, possessed in a minor degree many of the advantages which have rendered London the principal port and market of the world, and which are not united in any other town in the south of England. It was natural that Bristol with these advantages should for centuries hold the position of the second port in the kingdom. On the other hand, it was as natural that she should lose this place when the East Indian and galleon of ancient days were replaced by the 'liner,' 'trooper,' and other gigantic structures of our own time.

The explanation is, that while enjoying many of the advantages which have made London what it is, Bristol is hampered by disadvantages from which the capital does not suffer at all. At low-tide, the Avon estuary is nothing but a gaping trench with black precipitous sides, at the bottom of which rushes a narrow stream just deep enough to permit of the passage of a row-boat; while the Severn estuary is transformed into an archipelago of mud-banks, split up by winding deep-water channels. Bristol is then an inland town, cut off entirely from the sea by many miles of solid land, and this state of geographical blockade lasts for quite half the day, in two periods. Ships which have missed the flood have to wait outside in the Bristol Channel for the return of the tide; and vessels may be detained in the floating harbour at Bristol by lack of the tide several hours after they are ready to sail. Deep, moreover, as the river-channel undoubtedly is, it does not admit of the passage of the bigger kind of Atlantic liners, still less of the larger ones which are in course of construction. Bristol is therefore completely closed against the Atlantic service, and it is easy to understand that, putting aside all other considerations, a port is not likely to be popular among the biggest class of vessels if there is a chance of a wait of several hours before it is possible to get into port, or a risk of running aground in the narrow, winding channel of the approach owing to the unexpected failure of the tide.

It was a keen consciousness of the extent to which their port is handicapped by this physical defect that induced the citizens of Bristol to spend nearly a million on the improvement of

the dock at Portishead—which is situated on the Bristol Channel a few miles to the south of the embouchure of the Avon—and the construction of a deep-water dock at the Avon mouth itself, so that big ships might enter and discharge their cargoes there without waiting for the tide to take them up to Bristol. The results of this expenditure have been satisfactory so far; but it has not assisted Bristol at all towards the realisation of its favourite dream—namely, successful competition with Liverpool and Southampton. Avonmouth does not possess the advantages which Bristol offers. It is neither a well-known mart, nor a great railway junction, nor a manufacturing centre where cargoes can be taken in from the hands of the shippers. It is, moreover, at the wrong end of the seven miles of Avon estuary. It is necessary, therefore, that everything embarked or disembarked at Avonmouth should travel over the line of local railway which connects that dock with the great railway junction at Bristol; and as land-carriage is proportionally more expensive than water-carriage, there is a clear increase in the cost of conveyance by the exchange. Between the additional expense involved by the Avonmouth route and the possible delay attendant on the river route, the result is that the port of Bristol is given the go-by entirely by a great deal of heavy traffic.

It is at this point that the advocates of 'dockisation' come forward with their plans. There are many of them; but the differences consist mainly of structural details and total cost. The object of all is to render the Avon estuary entirely independent of the tides, and to maintain it perpetually full of water of a sufficient depth to admit of the passage of the biggest ships up to the quays at Bristol. The main proposal of all, in fact, is to construct a huge dam across the mouth of the Avon of a sufficient height to ensure the retention of the necessary depth of water within the channel; and to pierce this dam at one point by an entrance furnished with stop-gates, which will admit or discharge ships early on the tide by the ordinary processes of a lock, and at another point by sluices which will let out the overflow of the river when the required depth of water within has been obtained. One scheme proposes that the lock should be quite independent of the existing dock at Avonmouth. Another, that the existing dock with its lock-entrance should be deepened and connected with the river so as to form the entrance to the dockised river. A third conjoins both of the above schemes, and would give the dockised river two entrances—one by a new lock, and the other by the existing dock. A fourth—which is the most ambitious of all—would have two entrances—one by a new lock, and the other by a practically new dock, which would be constructed by enormously increasing the area and depth of the present dock. There are also various alternative proposals with regard to graving-docks, deep-water entrance channels from the Bristol Channel, piers, breakwaters, improvements in the course and bed of the river, and other subsidiary works. In this connection it may be added here that the estimated cost is proportional to the size and extent of the undertaking, and it varies

from about one million four hundred thousand pounds to over two millions.

For the purposes of the present article, however, the dockisation scheme may be roughly generalised as a proposal to construct a dam across the mouth of the Avon of sufficient height to transform the estuary into a deep-water floating-dock nearly seven miles long, and furnished with a lock entrance, either single or double, of sufficient width and depth to admit ships of the greatest draught as yet achieved or projected, which may be fixed at not less than thirty-two feet. It is urged in favour of this scheme, that it would restore to Bristol all her lost advantages, would attract a very large increase of general traffic to her quays, and would enable her to offer such facilities to the Atlantic steamers as could not fail to make her the principal *dépôt* of the passenger-service, and the station for the American mails. Dockisation, it is claimed, would make her reap once more to the full the advantage of her geographical position and her vicinity to the capital; and the result would be such a development of the wealth and prosperity of the port as would enable the authorities to pay the interest on the debt incurred for the construction, and eventually to liquidate the debt itself without imposing any burden on the rates.

Whether this would actually be the case can only be proved by experience, and, unluckily, half-measures would be of no avail for this purpose. A thorough test could not be taken until the scheme was completely executed, for the full advantage offered by it could not be reaped until the dam and the lock were put into perfect working order. The utmost that can be said is that the balance of probability is strongly in favour of a considerable increase of the trade of the port.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that nothing less than a very extensive development of the traffic up the Avon would enlarge the revenues of the port sufficiently to permit of the payment of interest on the heavy debt incurred; and that, if the enterprise failed to achieve the results anticipated, the ratepayers of Bristol would find themselves burdened with an annual payment of something like £80,000 for ever. This is an important consideration, which may well give pause to the authorities of the town and harbour. It must be remembered that the true success of the scheme really depends upon the prospect of diverting a good portion of the Atlantic steamers from their present goal. This is only likely to be effected if Bristol is able to offer greater advantages than those presented by Liverpool now, for the cost of altering their present arrangements is not likely to be incurred by the steamship Companies unless there is some decided gain thereby. The question of the moment, therefore, is, Would dockisation place Bristol in a position so much superior to Liverpool that it would become worth while for the Government and the Atlantic lines to change their station for the American service from the northern to the southern port? In the opinion of a number of nautical and engineering experts, the answer to this question is, 'Yes.' In the opinion of a similar body of equal distinction, the reply

should be a negative. Where doctors disagree, the patient has to decide for himself, and this is what the town of Bristol is engaged in doing.

There is one point, however, in which the watering-place of Clifton, with its villas, schools, and college, is even more interested than Bristol, which is already accustomed to evil odours from its sluggish floating harbour and reeking factories. Would the outfall of the river from the sluices be strong enough to create a current sufficient to prevent this immense body of water from becoming stagnant, and consequently foul, a begetter of smells which would transform Clifton into a pest-stricken wilderness of empty houses? In the opinion of a learned authority, Mr John M'Currich, the official engineer of the Bristol docks (to whose careful Report on the various schemes, and personal information on the subject, the writer is glad to express his debt here), the current created by the outfall would be quite sufficient to avert such a calamity, provided efficient steps were taken by the various towns on the Avon—Bristol, Bath, Trowbridge, and Bradford—to prevent the discharge of their sewage into the Avon and its tributaries. In this connection, it may be mentioned that Bath is at present engaged in diverting its sewage from the river, with the view of improving its own sanitary condition, which has been seriously impaired by the drainage which is discharged into the Avon during its passage through the town. This is an example which Bristol might well follow at once, for even if dockisation should not be undertaken, the result of such a purification would be to considerably abate the odours from the mud which is exposed in the channel of the Avon at low-tide. Thus cleansed from sewage, the dockised river might be regarded as a lake—the outfall at the sluices fulfilling the office of the effluent river which prevents a lake from becoming stagnant. Examination, moreover, will show that enormous masses of water are kept in a pure and wholesome state by very small currents. If we compare the body of water in the Lake of Geneva, and the volume of the Rhone at its point of departure from the lake, with the body of the Avon in its dockised state and the discharge from the sluices at Avonmouth, the advantage as regards motion will be largely in favour of the latter.

'BIRIBI.'

SIDELIGHTS ON THE DISCIPLINE OF THE TROOPS
EMPLOYED BY FRANCE IN HER COLONIAL
CONQUESTS.

By JOHN DILL ROSS.

BIRIBI, a word unknown to most Englishmen, is one of dread to the whole French army. Biribi represents to the French soldier a long term of dangerous foreign service, made subject to the most extraordinary conditions of discipline, and such savage punishments as that of the *crapaudine*. When France is bent on a policy of colonial conquest, she is careful not to risk the lives of too many of her more cherished sons, and the corps that is sent to carry the tricolour to the most distant parts of

the world is largely made up of men whom society can well spare, and who are, in fact, considered as being best 'expended' in such service.

It was doubtless observed by many that when the Madagascar question came before the French Chamber, an effort was made to limit the choice of the Minister for War to 'Colonial Troops,' certain disinterested deputies insisting that at all events no Parisians should be drafted from their regiments for service in Madagascar. But although General Mercier claimed a free hand in the matter, the expedition to Madagascar will doubtless be composed of the same elements as the army which subjugated Tonkin. Black troops such as the Turcos will be mingled with the motley soldiers of the Foreign Legion, while the famous *Compagnies de Discipline* will certainly send a strong contingent. These men will be sent to bear the brunt of the fighting; any especially dangerous work will be thrust upon them if it is possible to do so; and to render justice to these troops, and to say at the same time all the good that can be truthfully said about them, they fight well, and certainly are not wanting in courage. Still, such troublesome, dare-devil regiments have never been brought together under any flag. Half the time the men are a perfect terror to their officers; while, on the other hand, the officers are allowed to punish their men with a savage severity which would never for a moment be tolerated in the regiments of the line or any other branch of the service.

Whilst admitting that these troops generally fight well, it must be said that they are most difficult to keep in hand, and they seldom fail to become a terrible scourge to the unfortunate country on which they are let loose. The Foreign Legion is from its very origin a most extraordinary body of troops. No questions are asked of the man who wishes to become a *Légionnaire*. Provided he is physically fit, he is enlisted under any name he may choose to give, whatever his nationality may be. The Legion naturally becomes a refuge for the *déclassé*, the deserter from other flags and the adventurer of every degree. It is said that there are highly educated men of good family in the Legion, and in this there is nothing improbable. In Tonkin I once saw one of my own countrymen, wearing the dismal uniform of the Legion, quarrelling with a German belonging to the same regiment. They came to blows, and were finally beaten into something like order by an officer who struck them with the flat of his sword.

If, however, the Foreign Legion embodies some very questionable elements, how much worse must be the *Compagnies de Discipline*, which are entirely composed of what are really military convicts! These luckless soldiers, the *zéphirs* and the *joyeux* of French military slang, are the refractory and criminal cases of the whole army. When a hardened offender becomes too much of a nuisance in his regiment, he is tried before a special military tribunal; his *livret matricule*—a sort of personal register of his deeds and misdeeds, which every French soldier is bound to produce at any moment—is put in, and his long list of punishments is

read out for the edification of the Court. The trial almost invariably ends in the man being sentenced to serve for a term of years in one of the *Compagnies de Discipline*. Our *zéphir* is then shipped off to Africa, where he joins his new regiment under the charge of a gendarme, and with his wrists shackled in handcuffs, a befitting commencement to the career in store for him.

The convict companies are scattered over the dreariest and most desolate districts of the French African possessions, in which they are often employed in road-making and constructing buildings for military purposes. Harassed, moreover, with constant drills under a burning sun, badly fed, isolated from all but their own miserable society, and punished with the most relentless severity for the slightest offence, the unhappy soldier realises what it is to be *envoyé à Biribi*. The derivation of the word *Biribi* appears to be obscure, but its meaning soon becomes clear enough to the victim of the system.

We, of course, have nothing like it in our own diminutive army; but if we had over half a million of men with the colours in times of peace, we should find ourselves confronted with a good many problems which we are not at present called upon to study; and it is a more or less recognised fact that the African campaigns of the French have had a rather brutalising effect on their troops, who have borrowed much that is undesirable from their Arab foes.

To the soldiers of the convict companies, active service is a pleasant relief from the well-nigh intolerable bondage in which they are held, and considering that they suffer such terrible punishments as the *crapaudine*, which can easily be prolonged to a fatal issue, it is small wonder that they are merciless men. They are perfect adepts at 'eating up a country,' and leave a trail of desolation and ruin behind them wherever they go. But in commenting upon any excesses committed by the French troops in Tonkin, it must be remembered that they were frequently subjected to intolerable provocation. The Chinese with their fiendish barbarity inflicted the most atrocious tortures on their wretched prisoners; and the French on more than one occasion came upon the bodies of their unhappy countrymen who had been actually and literally skinned alive! Men flushed with the heat of battle and with arms in their hands cannot look calmly upon such things; and if the Japanese under similar circumstances took vengeance upon the Chinese at Port Arthur, it is impossible to justify them; but that they did take vengeance will be readily understood by fallible human nature in every part of the world.

It would, of course, be no easy matter for France to conquer any country with troops composed entirely of the soldiers of the Foreign Legion, the *Fusiliers de Discipline*, and her African regiments. In all her colonial campaigns, a most honourable part is borne by the regiments of the *infanterie de marine*, than whom it would be hard to find better and steadier soldiers anywhere. They are really the backbone of the whole expedition, and, apart from their services in the field, they are

much in demand as a military police to keep the turbulent irregulars in something like order. The navy is another mainstay of France in her colonial conquests, and French sailors, both officers and men, must be acknowledged to be very fine fellows. Nothing, for instance, could have been much better done than the way in which the *Inconstant* and *Comète* recently passed and fought the Paknam batteries through a shallow and obstructed channel laid with mines and torpedoes, in the teeth of a fleet of Siamese ships which ought to have swept them out of existence. The dash and pluck with which these two little gunboats were handled deserved the success they achieved. The French blue-jackets, with their machine guns and light artillery, will no doubt contribute their full share to the successes of the columns invading Madagascar.

There is seldom much scope for cavalry in these colonial enterprises; but during the Tonkin War, the French sent some *Spahis* from Algeria; and amongst other troops, I noticed a very fine Zouave regiment at Hai-fong, which I once saw employed in restoring order. Although, at the time to which I refer, the war was in full swing, General de Négrier having just been defeated at Langson, the French in Hai-fong were in full enjoyment of a theatre—that is to say, a ramshackle barn, with a stage at one end of it, constructed of planks laid over a number of empty barrels. Notwithstanding the primitive nature of the stage and its accessories, the acting of the adventurous little troupe which ran the theatre was excellent; and such pieces as *Le Piano de Berthe* were played to the intense satisfaction of crowded houses of soldiers and sailors. The theatre stood near what is now a fine square, surrounded by handsome buildings, but which was then a howling wilderness, known as the *carrefour des écorchés*, around which were scattered the miserable *paillotes* or attempts at huts in which such of us lived as were fortunate enough to go in for 'housekeeping' at all.

During a performance one evening, I heard the sounds of a row going on outside; and quietly creeping out of the theatre, I saw surely enough a regular pitched battle going on between a number of blue-jackets from the fleet in the river and a crowd of men belonging to the Foreign Legion. Before long, the rapid regular tramp of troops coming up at the double was heard—it was a company of Zouaves sent to put things straight. The way in which they wheeled into line and charged across the open ground was a sight worth seeing. They simply swept everything before them with the butts of their rifles, and were formed up and marched off again almost as rapidly as they had come. Then everything was quiet again—especially quiet were the dark recumbent forms which dotted the surface of the suggestively named *carrefour des écorchés*, but they were picked up before morning, and very little was said about it next day.

There were a good many executions amongst the troops in Tonkin. Some of the unfortunate rogues—more to be pitied than punished—deserted, with the idea that they would actually find gold lying about the country, which they

could take away with them. The famous stories floated about the *pépites d'or* to be found in Tonkin made a few victims in this way; nor was I at all astonished to read the other day of a gentleman in Madagascar having gone for a morning ride, and finding on his return that a nugget of gold had obligingly embedded itself in his horse's hoof. Why not? In fact, such occurrences appear to be inevitable in a country about to be invaded by France.

Much worse things happened, however, than the desertion of soldiers in search of gold. There was the case of an officer of one of the *Compagnies de Discipline* being shot dead on parade. He had been a bit too hard on his men, and four of them had settled by means of a pack of cards which of them was to kill him; and the loser availed himself of the first opportunity he had of murdering his unfortunate officer. To men of this stamp, death has very few terrors if they are simply to be shot by a firing party; and I believe that these four men endured the tortures of the *crapaudine* until they died under them.

The French are, of course, at liberty to maintain discipline in their own army in any way they please; but the punishments to which their irregular troops are subjected are certainly very cruel. Take the case of a man sentenced to the *cellule avec fers*. The *cellule* may be any hut or tent, or, for that matter, the open air will serve. The irons consist of two heavy rings on a bar about eighteen inches long; the whole thing screws up, and is fastened by a padlock. The man's ankles are shackled by the rings to the bar, and the contrivance is more fit for chaining up a wild beast than a man. In addition to this, however, the man's hands are brought behind his back, and fettered by two rings moving on an iron rod worked by a powerful screw, so that any pressure desired may be brought to bear on the man's wrists. This also is secured by a padlock. The man thus put in irons is placed on his stomach; he gets his *gamelle* of soup once in thirty-six hours, and a *litre* of water every twenty-four hours, which he has to lap up like a dog if he wants it.

The *crapaudine*—obviously derived from the word *crapaud*—is simply this punishment made much more severe and dangerous by having a rope rove through a ring provided for the purpose in the wrist shackles. One end of the rope is made fast to the bar to which the man's ankles are ironed, and then a good pull on the rope running through the ring at the man's wrists brings his hands and feet together, when all is made fast, and the sufferer is left in that position. If he cries out, he is immediately gagged. Should the man not be released in time, he generally dies in convulsions, it is said; but a man thus treated may die from any cause, and at times he has been known to quit this world when it has not been the intention of his officers that he should do so.

It is not astonishing that the *zéphirs* should try to desert when they think they have a chance. Not so very long ago, about half-a-dozen of them jumped overboard from a French hired transport as she was leaving Singapore harbour. The sentries on board im-

mediately opened a hot fire on the fugitives, of whom but two reached the shore; the bodies of the others were swept out to sea by the currents of New Harbour, and whether they were shot or drowned matters but little. They at least will fight no more to extend the colonial empire of France.

NICOTIANA.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.

A GENIAL Professor once remarked to his students: 'Smoke away, gentlemen; it does not annoy me in the least. I look on tobacco in the same light as on hay. I don't eat it myself, but I like to see others enjoy it.' There is a neatly veiled hint behind the Professor's seemingly affable observation, that in his opinion the youths were merely making beasts of themselves by indulging in this seductive habit; for habit it undoubtedly is, and a curious one too, since we are quite unable to tell in the dark whether our pipe is alight or not; or, for that matter, our cigar or cigarette either, except for its glowing tip. However, could every one regard the weaknesses of his fellow-men in the same unselfish light as this Professor, what a happy world this would be!

The first account of tobacco was published in 1496, by a Spanish monk, Romanus Pane, who had accompanied Columbus to America; but it does not seem that Europeans smoked it until 1535. It is, however, a question whether it did not find its way into Europe, like everything else, from the East rather than from the West, for we find in Ulloa's *Voyage to America*: 'It is not probable that the Europeans learnt the use of tobacco from America; for, as it is very ancient in the Eastern countries, it is natural to suppose that the knowledge of it came to Europe from those regions by means of the intercourse carried on with them by the commercial States of the Mediterranean Sea. Nowhere, not even in those parts of America where the tobacco plant grows wild, is the use of it, and that only for smoking, either general or very frequent.' Some seed of the plant was sent from Portugal to Paris by Jean Nicot, then French envoy to Queen Catherine de' Medici in 1559; hence the name Nicotine. Its importation into this country is ascribed to Sir Francis Drake, about 1580; and the practice of smoking it to Sir Walter Raleigh, some twenty-four years later, when it was a luxury that could only be indulged in by the most wealthy. John Aubrey says that it was sold for its weight in silver, and that men preserved their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco.

The chemical qualities of the plant are peculiar. It owes its active character to the presence of a vegetable alkali not found in any other plant, which has been named Nicotine, as stated above, and, as will be noticed from its equivalent ($C_{10}H_{11}N$), it differs from most others in the absence of oxygen; as also in its liquid condition at the ordinary temperature. Another peculiarity of the plant is the very large quantity of ash that it leaves when burnt,

about one-fifth the weight of the dried leaf; while a further distinguishing property is the great amount of nitrate of potash present, to which is due its peculiar smouldering combustion.

Scientists are much exercised nowadays as to whether smoking is injurious, for, except in rare cases, it cannot be either necessary or beneficial; and even then, it must be indulged in with caution. A Major Chalmers died recently at Southampton under remarkable circumstances. For some years he was afflicted asthmatically, and sought relief in smoking tobacco steeped in turpentine. One day on applying a match an explosion occurred. His beard was burnt off, and serious injuries in the region of the chest sustained, with a fatal result. Since we are told that the enormous sum of fourteen million pounds is puffed away each year in tobacco smoke, the question of its influence for good or ill on the world's health is of considerable importance. On one point there appears to be little doubt—namely, that Nicotine is fatal to a large number of the microbes that cause some of our most serious sicknesses. In our issue of February 23, 1889, we noticed the results of investigations on this head by an Italian Professor, Dr Vincenzo Tassinari; and the results of the intended further experiments therein alluded to have recently appeared in the *Italia Termale*. He finds (1) That the smoke of the Cavour, Virginia, and Tuscan cigars, and all black and chopped tobaccos, possesses a very pronounced bactericide power, especially against the bacillus of Asiatic cholera. (2) This microbicide action may in all probability be attributed to the products of Nicotine. (3) In epidemics of cholera and typhus, the use of tobacco may be rather useful than hurtful. (4) Tobacco smoke merits special consideration on the hygiene of the mouth as a prophylactic means of combating microbial affections of the buccal cavity:

Non-smokers have hitherto fumed, and declared
That the succus of baccy will kill us;
But what say they now Tassinari has proved
That the sucking it slays the bacillus?

Sucking or drinking tobacco were the terms applied to smoking on the first introduction of the plant into England. The native of India to this day says, 'Tamaku *pita hai*' (He is drinking tobacco), which forms another link in the chain of argument that the weed came to us from the East, and not from the West.

The earliest pipes were nothing but long leaves rolled up into the shape of a funnel, still much in use among the natives of Hindustan. Those employed at first by Sir Walter Raleigh and other young men of fashion were exceedingly rude and simple, consisting of half a walnut-shell with a straw inserted. The first clay pipes were made in this country about 1585, copied from those used by the natives of Virginia; while to a Hungarian shoemaker, named Kaval Kowates, is accredited the manufacture of the first meerschaum pipe, in 1723, which has been preserved in the Museum at Pesh.

Means of rendering tobacco harmless to the consumer have been given to the world at frequent intervals. As long ago as 1670, glass globules were attached to pipes to intercept the tobacco juice and Nicotine; and in 1689 Jacob Francis Vicarius, an Austrian physician, recommended the insertion of a small piece of sponge in the tube for a like purpose. Vigier recommended citric acid, which, however, has the serious disadvantage of spoiling the taste of the tobacco. Dr Gautrelet of Vichy asserts that a piece of cotton-wool steeped in a solution (five to ten per cent.) of pyrogallic acid, and inserted in the pipe or holder, will neutralise all possible effects of the Nicotine; while the number of patented pipes designed with a like view increases day by day. And now, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, a smoker comes to the rescue of slaves to the weed. He says that chewing calamus root allays the craving for tobacco; further, that it is a harmless substance and a beneficial tonic. Another ascribes a like virtue to a plentiful consumption of watercress two or three times a day; but doubtless many, feeling with Hamlet's father that

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all,

will prefer the disease to the suggested remedies.

Like all innovations, the introduction of tobacco met at first with much opposition, our King James I. being one of its principal enemies; and throughout Europe, severe penalties and punishments were inflicted on those who ventured to indulge in the blowing of it; and in 1624, Pope Urban VIII. issued a decree of excommunication against any person found taking snuff in church. However, its charms, sung by Byron—

Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!—

have proved too strong for all its opponents; and what a firm hold the habit gets on its devotees is forcibly illustrated in the following case. 'When I was an officer,' writes a naval man, 'in Messrs Money Wigram's ship the *Kent*, in 1857, on a voyage to Melbourne and back, we found that by some mistake no tobacco had been shipped, so, being on the high seas, the men could get none till we fell in with some vessel (meeting other ships was rarer then than now). A curious thing happened. First, the topmen, and then the rest of the crew, lost in a great measure the use of their hands, which trembled as if palsied; they grew so nervous that we were quite afraid to order them to do anything. On a strict inquiry being made, we found out that they had been smoking their rations of tea. Old rope being substituted, they recovered; and, falling in with a Dutchman just after we got round the Horn, we were able to get some tobacco from her.'

The plant has afforded abundant food for legislation, and its adulteration must have been rampant during the reigns of the Georges to

call for the stringent laws that were enacted, one example of which will suffice: 'If any person shall mix any fustic, or other wood, or any leaves, herbs, or plants (other than tobacco), or any earth, clay, or tobacco-sand, with any snuff-work or snuff; or shall colour the same with any sort of colouring (water tinged with colour only excepted), he shall forfeit two hundred pounds. And if any manufacturer or dealer in snuff shall sell, or expose for sale, or have in his entered premises, any fustic, yellow ebony, touchwood, logwood, red or Guinea-wood, Braziletto or Jamaica-wood, Nicaragua-wood, or Saunders-wood; or any walnut tree, hop, or sycamore leaves; or shall have in his possession any of the aforesaid articles; or any other wood, leaves, herbs, plants, earth, clay, or tobacco-sand, mixed with any snuff-work or snuff, he shall forfeit fifty pounds, and the same shall be forfeited, and may be seized.' (29 Geo. III. c. 68.)

The following epigram may fitly find a place in these stray notes:

Of lordly men, how humbling is the type,
A fleeting shadow, a tobacco pipe!
His mind the fire, his frame the tube of clay,
His breath the smoke so idly puffed away,
His food the herb that fills the hollow bowl,
Death is the stopper. Ashes end the whole.

At least once in history the 'devil's weed,' as a certain king called it, played an important part in a political movement. When the revolution of 1848 came on, the Austrian government enjoyed a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of tobacco in those parts of Italy under its control. The Liberals, resenting the tyranny of the Austrians, and disliking to see so large a revenue pouring into the Austrian treasury from the sale of cigars and tobacco, left off smoking—a patriotic method of resenting the Austrian domination. The Austrian Government thereupon supplied its troops with cigars, and the men of the garrisons went about the streets of Italian towns puffing smoke into the faces of the non-smoking Italians. The insult was warmly resented. The Milanese rose in rebellion, and expelled the Austrians; Venice did the same; and thus was the revolution begun, which ended in the loss to Austria of all the Italian possessions.

THE DIAL AT NIGHT.

I SAID unto my soul: 'The whole long night
The Dial skyward turns how blank a space!
How purposeless it tarries in its place!
Though moon and star and meteor-glance unite
In vain their shadowy message there to write,
Till the Sun shines in glory on its face,
Making all lesser glories pale apace—
The faithful Dial waits the larger light.'

Thou Sun of faith! who tarriest to shine out—
To light my life, and make its meaning plain,
What am I here without Thee? Look on me!
I wait Thy message in the night of doubt,
Whose alien glories visit me in vain—
Loyal in darkness to my thoughts of Thee.

E. BLAIR OLIPHANT.

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